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Sent : Sunday, September 10, 2006 8:19 PM
To : descroes@hotmail.com
Subject : Palabra Bunita + Bow

 |  |  |  Inbox

Palabra Bunita + Bow

E di kisas bo tincu buska den Rosabelle su buki pa un palabra bunita

Pa expresa con e ta sinti paso e no sa kon e tincu jame

Palabra bunita, palabra bunita

Lagami contabo

Palabra bunita

E tawata sinti su mes malo

Palabra bunita?

No toca mi baby su bida

Palabra bunita

E no ta bo simia

Palabra bunita

Paso si esey ta loke ami ta nifica

Palabra bunita

Den momentonan desespera

Palabra bunita

e ora ta sali e berdad

di loke ta

e nificacion di un

palabra bunita

Because I can't help the fact that things aren't pretty

And pretty is the opposite of what I express
So hold your chest while I own what you can't afford
The act of destroying me turns into the play of completing me
The art of assumption is in my head playing pressure on my vessel
hope it exists there or at least hope they found it already
otherwise I'll be seen as beyond my own insanity
but let's not make this about me
It's you who's not sparing me
and let's not discuss destiny
cuz 'I'm tired and I won't be admired'
So bulletproof my chakras and captivate my dry skin
because relations are better when burnt

palabra bunita

love sadder when measured

palabra bunita

rules blank powerful when broken

palabra bunita

beings higher when 6 feet under
and shhh... but holiness shares phoniness

e'n porta mas bunita cu esey

and I'm sweeter without literature
oh and guess what

Mother deceiver lost twins tradition and fiction